

Safety I

by Jadzia

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Summary: M/K. Very sad, stream of consciousness. I'd appreciate feedback, this story is very important to me

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Fandom: X-Files Pairing: M/K Rating: PG-13...\*sorry!\*\*g\*

Feedback: Oh yes please, just do it... gdukat@geocities.com

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Disclaimer: \*sigh\*

Author's Notes: Oh man, I got depressed over Christmas \*SIGH\*...but I'm trying to make him happier if you beg nicely \*harrharr\*

Thanks to Aries for beta (i.e. getting me down off of that bridge \*lol\*)

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I'm shattered.

Mutilated.

Not just my arm, but my entire self. Seems like I've been working for these bastards for too long.

I've thought about killing myself.

One bullet.

Easy.

Quick.

I know how to do it. Have done it often enough, although I did never point the gun at myself.

I've thought about it.

Ah, but I don't think I could do it. Wouldn't be good for him.

Now, there's a laugh. I'm his self - appointed guardian - angel.

Not that he wanted me to. I'm sure he'd be more than cheerful if I died.

Serves me right. I killed his father, what else should he do?

Although he should know better, he should have known his father better.

I had to protect him, again.

I guess he'll never know. He doesn't want to know, anyway.

Well, well, well.

Somehow I managed to do what I've done, as long as I had the excuse that I had to do it...for him.

He was my anchor to reality. To a relatively real life. Normality.

But now...

It's never been this bad. Each time I think about it more closely, it's getting dangerous, because every rational train of thought tells me that he will never be able to accept me. I won't even start to think of affection or something like that, acceptance alone won't be possible.

So what keeps me here?

I'm so weak without him, but I'm even weaker with him. That doesn't seem to be logical, but every one of you who has once been in love will understand me.

There, I've said it.

The l-word.

Fine.

Face it, Alex. You're turning into a love-sick fool.

At least that's something human. You can't say that about anything

else I say or do, I think.

Sometimes I think about what it took to make me into the thing I am now.

And what would it take to make him become the same.

I'm not sure about that.

He seems so weak sometimes, so easy to break, so vulnerable. But then, at the last possible moment , he finds an ounce of strength, god knows where he keeps it - and he remains sane once again.

Maybe that is what impresses me about him.

I don't have that strength inside myself, I take it from him.

I have to protect him, so I have to live.

Well, maybe I don't need to protect him if he finds a way out by himself every time, but I know some time, some place he will probably search for this last bit of strength and then he won't find it.

And I hope that'll be the moment I'll be able to save him.

So I'll live.

For him.

I doubt he'll ever thank me for it, but it's enough for me, it has to be enough to have him living.

Safe.

\*\*\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*\*\* by Jadzia, 25.12.98

End  
file.